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THE PYRAMIDS

A pyramid is a prism,

A ramp,

A ramp,

A ramp,

A ramp—

Despite its artistry,

Its hammered symmetry,

It hides a deep distress:

Its aim is that it erase death.

A pyramid is a starship that attempts a stasis,

A ship, tethered at the deep past,

A dry epitaph that tapers as it rises,

A stairstep eyrie,

Emersed,

That radiates a dry heat.

A theist apiary aimed at the stars.

Its misty depths hide sapphires, amethysts, tapestries, ships.

The departed rest there: their hearts are dehydrated.